



PCC  
36  
022  
Volume 6  
Issue 6







# THE HAMMER

Student Arts & Literature Magazine

Central Piedmont Community College 2022

# The Hammer

Volume 6, Issue 6

Spring 2022

[www.cpcc.edu/english-humanities/student-creative-writing](http://www.cpcc.edu/english-humanities/student-creative-writing)

Editor: Colin Hickey

Web Editor: Patricia Bostian

Art Director: Alonso Morning

Design Advisor: Jen Cousar

Production Team: Jasper Culpepper, Jessica Davis, Grayson Fullwood, Emily Haltom, Sawyer Hollingsworth, Madeline Lippert, Kay Mahoney, Joe Nejberger, Kathy Quinn, and Sam Rich

---

Founded in 2017, *The Hammer* is the Central Piedmont Community College (CPCC) student arts and literature magazine. All visual, literary, and graphic arts were crafted, written, and designed by Central Piedmont Community College students.

Visual art is from the 2022 Annual Juried Student Art Show, which showcases top artwork of students at CPCC.

Special thanks to Edith McElroy.

Questions or comments? Please send a message to the editor at [colin.hickey@cpcc.edu](mailto:colin.hickey@cpcc.edu).

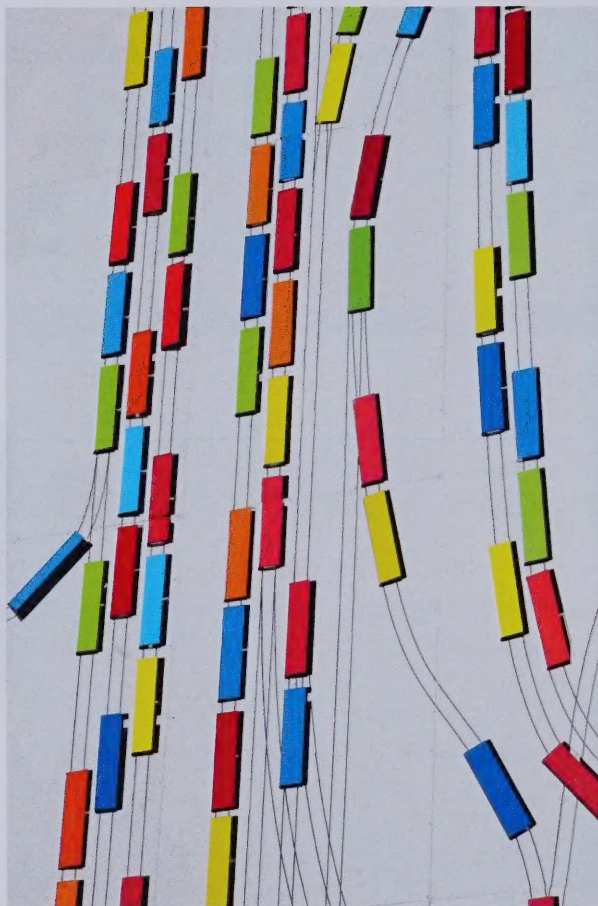


# CONTENTS

Las Estaciones del Amor .....	3
The Seasons of Love.....	4
Jenny .....	8
Odinokiy.....	11
An Eclipse.....	15
Simple Pleasures.....	21
The Sound of Poetry.....	31

Gabriela Giraldo  
Student, Digital Photography

**Colored Tracks** 2022  
Archival Inkjet Print





Mariam Obeid  
Student, Painting I

**Collage Painting 2021**  
Oil Painting



## Gabriela Del Real Miramontes

### Las Estaciones del Amor

Gracias por hacer mi amigo.  
Gracias por hacer tan paciente conmigo. (verano)  
Me tienes como un verano.  
Sonriendo y riendo.  
Con un cariño tan cálido como el sol.  
Se que llevamos mucho sin conversar.  
Deje mis sentimientos almacenar. (invierno)  
Me enojo con cosas tontas y sin sentido.  
A veces me e sentido en el olvido.  
Deje que mi corazón se llenará de tormentas,  
Como un invierno sin parar.  
Pero nunca as cambiado tu actitud.  
Siempre alegre y dulce.  
Siempre tan cariñoso. (otoño) Me recuerdas a un otoño.  
Tan emocionante, tan hermoso como las hojas al cambiar.  
Eres tan tranquilo como el empezar de una primavera,  
lleno de nueva vida.  
Tan bello como las flores en los árboles.  
Con un olor divino, y fresco como el lino. (primavera)



## Gabriela Del Real Miramontes

### The Seasons of Love

Thanks for making my friend.

Thank you for being so patient with me. (Summer)

You have me like a summer, smiling and laughing.

With a love as warm as the sun.

I know we haven't talked for a long time.

Let my feelings store. (Winter) I get angry with silly and pointless things.

Sometimes I feel forgotten.

Let my heart be filled with storms,

Like a non-stop winter.

But you never changed your attitude.

Always cheerful and sweet.

Always so loving. (Fall)

You remind me of autumn.

So exciting, as beautiful as the leaves changing.

You are as calm as the beginning of a spring, full of new life.

As beautiful as the flowers on the trees.

With a divine smell, and fresh as linen. (Spring)

Brianna Mandat  
Student, Drawing II

**Safe Space 2021**  
Colored Pencil





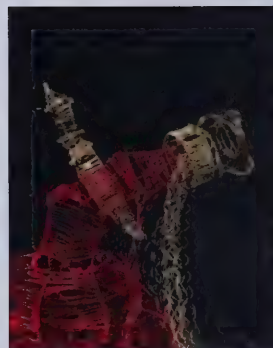
Julan Shen  
Student,  
Ceramics II

**Celebrating  
Gee's Bend  
Quilt Ladies**  
2021  
Clay Sculpture



Tiffany Tawil  
Student, 3D Design

**The Killing of the Queen 2022**  
Wire Sculpture



## Annie Lacks Jenny

Before I was born, my mother was a ballerina. I know this not through experience, I have never seen her perform; but through remnants of this life, littered about my own. Glossy photographs depicting her as gold—malleable, shining, and precious; a pair of scarcely pink pointe shoes, swallowing my little feet whole; her long, slender fingers clasped around my infantile ankles in the bath—and I, her tiny prima ballerina assoluta as she choreographed in singsong, “First position. Second position. Third position, fourth position. Fifth position; pas de chat, pas de bourrée. Pas de chat, pas de bourrée. Glissade, glissade. Grande révérence. Grande révérence.”

Out of the seafoam of our bathtub, my mother rose, a veritable Venus. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Through the following years of my mother’s metamorphosis from destined greatness to her current state, this dancer clings to her for me like a latent image, burned into the screen. How she does not push her wheelchair traditionally but rather pulls herself along with her legs and feet, the one muscle that she will not let atrophy. In how she rests; her entire body, statuesque, while her feet maniacally tap to music that only plays in her head. How when reaching, her arm still stretches instinctively into graceful, perfect posture.

In these memories my mother is a Renaissance painting; her chestnut hair flowing down her back in a French braid, her skin tinged pink under the North Carolina sun. If I had the luxury to choose, this would be the mother I remember best. But quickly, these memories of my mother-proud and invincible- fade into the mother that dominates my thoughts, and this mother was not rising from her sea triumphant. She was drowning.

Abena-Adora  
Gwin  
Student, Digital  
Photography

**Error Not  
Found 2021**  
Archival Inkjet  
Print







Yoel Tecleab  
Student, Digital Photography

**Construction** 2022  
Archival Inkjet Print

## Finn Huneycutt

### Odinokiy

He was the one who convinced me to take a month off work and backpack across Russia with him. I was skeptical at first, I had never even left my small and sunny hometown in Florida, and all of a sudden I was expected to travel 6,259 miles to the polar opposite of Florida? But I love him... loved him. So I packed my bags and gave my cat, Oreo, to my mom and told my manager at the grocery store that I needed some time off. Before I knew it, I was on a plane with no money or plans, my hand clinging to Will's as the only thing tying me back to my comfortable life, the only thing tying me back to sanity.

For three weeks I tucked all my anxiety and insecurity into my carry-on bag and shoved it under the bed of our cheap hostel. Will knew enough Russian to get us around and order food, though I could tell the locals judged his accent and grammar every time he spoke. We had fun being stereotypical tourists with the big paper map we couldn't understand and fanny packs filled with medicine and snacks. I was happy for those three weeks. I enjoyed the new experiences and I was grateful for the quality time I got to spend with Will, away from his obnoxious friends and constant work calls. Except, he didn't seem happy. This was all his idea, he wanted time off work and away from the life we knew. He wanted to practice his Russian and get some use out of his winter coats. So I could not understand, for the life of me, why he wasn't overjoyed.

We were eating cheap dinner from a food truck one night, I could tell something was off but I thought it was just the weather. It was freezing and wet and Will had a hole in his left boot so I knew his sock

was soaked through. But I quickly learned that his sock was not the problem, I was.

“How long have we been together?” He asked me with a mouth full of shawarma. I did some mental calculations and answered, “26 months. A little over 2 years.” He was quiet for a minute, I could see the gears turning behind his eyes. He chewed slowly, swallowed.

“We should break up.” He dropped this bomb on me without even being able to look me in my eyes. I was taken aback.

“What are you talking about? You asked me to come to Russia with you, why would you do that if you were just going to break up with me?” I felt the tears welling up but I did not let myself cry, not yet.

“I didn’t know,” he said slowly, “I thought a trip would help me fall back in love with you, but it didn’t. I got a plane ticket, I have to go pack my things from our apartment, but I didn’t want to cut your trip short. I can tell you like it here so stay for the last week, I already paid for the hostel. I’m sorry, but I have to go.” And he was gone before I got the chance to open my mouth in response. He didn’t love me. How could he not love me? I didn’t want to stay in Russia, I wanted to stay with him. I packed up the last of my half-eaten cheburek and started walking, almost in a trance, back to our hostel. My hostel.

The thoughts were racing through my head and I was willing the tears not to fall. I was so caught up in my own thoughts that I almost missed what the stranger said to me as I passed him. “Bednaya odinokaya devochka,” he muttered at me.

Poor lonely girl.



Tuan Mai  
Student, Painting II

**Khu Tôi Sống** 2022  
Oil on Canvas





Maverick Floyd  
Student, Digital Photography I

**Park Ranger Chuck  
Robinson 2022**  
Archival Inkjet Print

## Cristina Lopez

### An Eclipse

A bright sun, beaming down on the arid ground, the cracked dirt bombarded with the sun's oppressive heat.

A clear sky, the mirage of blue fading into the horizon, the dome above completely still. A clump of dead weeds, somehow growing through the extremes, yet losing to its forces the moment they taste existence.

A blade of life, clinging on to the last drop of water in the Earth, preventing its comrades a chance in this never-ending war.

A creeping darkness, slowly enveloping the sky, a shadow covering the land.

A disappearing sun, the land shielded from its heat by an abyss swallowing the sky above.

A cool night, a halo of light surrounding the rip in the sky, the only hint that it's supposed to be a warm day.

A moment of rest, the blade of life experiencing what could be, a life of balance and peace.

A swarm of light, the black hole in the sky disappearing, the light quickly taking over and erasing any hint that something unordinary took place.

A sweltering heat, the last bit of life wilting in defeat, the land stilling to the nothingness it came from.





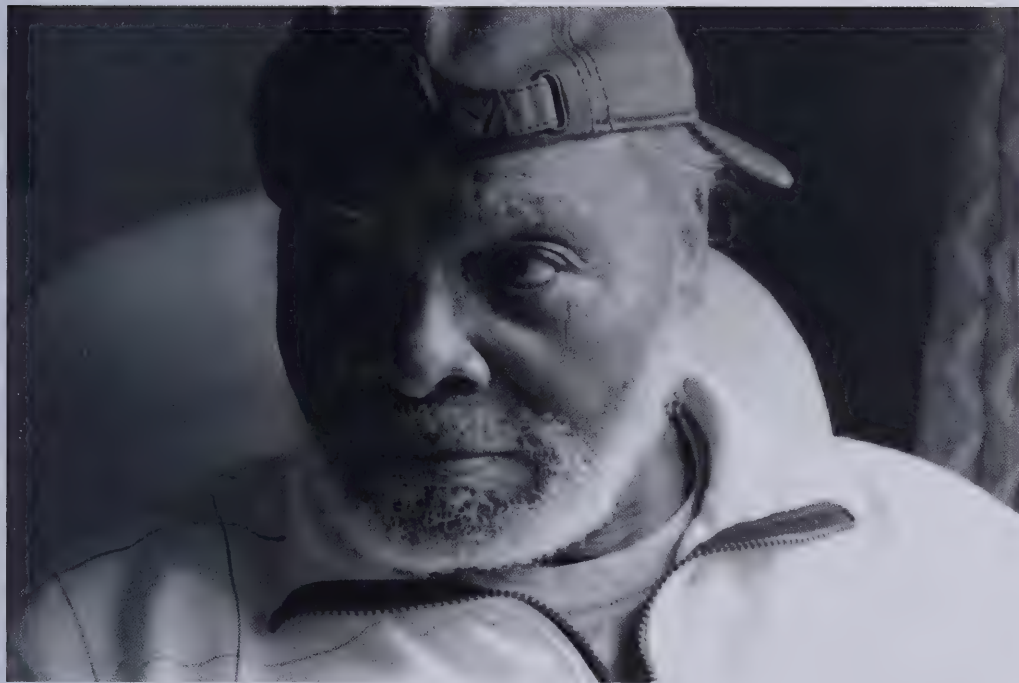
Huynh B-Ya  
Student, Digital Photography I

**Old Countyz 2022**  
Archival Inkjet Print

Tessann John  
Student, Photography Appreciation

**Looking for Wisdom 2022**  
Archival Inkjet Print





Tessann John  
Student, Photography  
Appreciation

**I Still Got It 2022**  
Archival Inkjet Print



Addison Zaire Durfee  
Student, Sculpture I

**An Exercise in Cubism** 2021  
Clay Sculpture





Anne Henderson  
Student, Ceramics Studio

**Olive 2022**  
Clay Sculpture

## Ismael Nuncio

### Simple Pleasures

Derek could see dust particles floating in the faint glow of an autumn sun. They disappeared within the steam of the coffee he had in between his lap. He didn't care for the bitterness, but the warmth it provided was more delicious than the taste. The porch he was sitting on grew darker by the minute as the sun descended. With every inch of darkness the temperature dropped another degree. Just as he was about to rise, a fleece blanket enveloped him. His mother appeared from behind him, dropping another sugar in his still steaming cup.

"You haven't even taken a sip. I keep telling you you're too young for coffee," she chided as she sat in the chair opposite him.

"But I like it. It gives me energy."

Almost as if to prove a point he took a sip.

He immediately scowled as the scalding water singed his tongue.

His mother chuckled. She didn't have the heart to tell him it wasn't caffeinated.

"You want some milk in there?"

"No thank you. I like it dark."

He took another sip and scowled again.

Together, they looked at the sun that had become a sliver above the horizon. Though they never planned it, it had become a habit of theirs to sit in silence and admire the sunset. Ever since they watched his father, her husband, pull away in the rusty red truck that always smelled too much of tobacco, they would wait outside in the fading hours of daylight. Derek was looking for the familiar puff



of dust that the balding wheels would always strike up. Angela, Derek's mother, always kept her eyes on his face, looking for the small trace of disappointment that would cross his face when it didn't come. They did this now, both as hopeful as ever for anything to change.

They waited, silent, as the sun disappeared completely. Only the light of the living room revealed the shimmer of hope fading from Derek's eyes.

"Why do you always look at me?" He asked, almost in a whisper.

"I want to make sure you don't fall asleep," she replied after a pause.

"I'm not a kid," he said gloomily.

But as he rose from his chair, placing his cup of coffee at his feet, and sulked into the house, Angela realized that he was still just that. She stood and paused to look at the cup of coffee Derek had set down. She picked up the lukewarm cup and carried it inside. The screen door closed behind her and the front door after it.

Derek scowled as he sipped his coffee. With his eyes on his phone, he didn't notice the, frankly, ridiculous amount of steam emanating from his cup. He set it down and zipped his windbreaker shut. He didn't remember the fall being so cold. The milling of people around him, combined with the ambiance of an average crowd was almost deafening to his sensitive ears. He had gotten so used to the silence of living in a rural area that the sound of traffic was enough to give him a headache, even two years in the city. The bustle of college life was enough to take the magic out of the things he used to treasure. He turned to look at the setting sun and frowned when he saw that it was obscured by a line of shops. Only fragments of the brilliant light made it through the spaces between the brick buildings. A metal chair creaked behind him as another patron of the coffee shop sat down. Soon the

clacking of keyboard keys became an addition to the cacophony of the city. Derek sighed and raised his cup to his lips. He took a long drink.

Derek opened the door to his apartment and checked his phone with the other hand. It seemed he had missed a call during the drive. He tapped on the name and put his phone to his ear. After four rings, she answered and said

“Hello?”

“Hey, Mom,” he replied.

The next day, Derek loaded a bag into his trunk. He stepped in the driver’s seat, exhaling as he did so. He turned the key in the ignition and sat in the cold as the car warmed up. The layer of frost on the windshield grew just a tad thicker with the burst of cold air that initially rushed out. Derek wrapped his arms around his body and shivered. Ten minutes later, he pulled out of the driveway and headed east. Buildings flashed past his windows, fading as he drew further and further away from the town where he’d spent his last two years. The divider line grew brighter, reflecting his headlights more than the natural light.

The sign that welcomed visitors and later dismissed them was little more than a blur to Derek as he rushed past the city limit. Lines of buildings transformed into thickets of green. But Derek hardly noticed it.

His eyes were fixed on the horizon that had already disappeared past the glow of his headlights.

A puff of dust surrounded his car once he pulled into the gravel driveway of his childhood home.

He stepped out to admire the sight of his oldest memory. It was as if the house was frozen in time. The

shutters were still a tepid green that he thought looked a little like vomit. The same shrubs surrounded the brick building like a fence. And, as always, the front door was open despite the coldness. He inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of grass. For the first time in years, he was home.

While his eyes were focused on the tree that still stood tall beside the house, he heard the clack of an opening door. He turned to the porch to see his mother stepping out into the bitter air. They shared a smile and he rushed to meet her. He stepped on the creaking wood and they embraced, oblivious to the breeze.

“It’s good to see you, Mom.”

“You too, sweetie.”

They remained like that for a few minutes, each as happy to see the other.

“It’s not much, but I’m meeting a lot of new people. And to top it off, the supervisor said she’d keep me in mind for the next promotion to come up.”

“That sounds great. I’m so happy to hear you like it.”

“Honestly, I love it. I can really see myself with this company for a while.”

They whittled away the hours, catching up on the time they’d been apart.

While Derek washed the dishes, Angela began to brew water. The silence of the house was only permeated by the sound of running water and, soon, the bubbling of a pot of coffee.

“It’s ready,” she said after a while.

Derek sat on the porch, admiring the fading beams of sunlight. His lap was warmed by the cup of



coffee. The scent of it overpowered the smell of his surroundings, reminding him of the bitter nights he had spent outside. He took a drink from his cup and burned his tongue as the screen door opened.

"Is this decaf?" he asked in disbelief.

"It is," she confessed with guilt.

"I can handle caffeine, Mom. You know, I'm not a kid anymore," he chuckled.

"I know you're not, you've grown so much."

"Was it always decaf?"

Angela's smirk answered his question.

"Do you want another cup?"

"No," he said immediately, pulling the cup to his chest.

"It's delicious."

They smiled at one another and turned to the horizon. The steam from the cups was barely visible in the amber rays. Angela swiveled her head to see her child. She took in the bags under his eyes, the furrow in his brow, the roughness in his hands. She could still see the tender face of her son under the weight of adulthood. Beneath the facial hair and the wrinkles, Angela saw the remnants of his childhood; the glow of youth.

Her thoughts were disturbed by a question: "Is everything okay?"

"Everything's great," she said, tenderly.

They turned to watch the setting sun. They took a drink in unison. Darkness began to settle on the red bricks and the air grew sharper. Wind whipped up a small cloud of dust. But their eyes remained set on the horizon. The sun shrank to a shimmer as the two sat in silence. Within seconds, it disappeared entirely, leaving the living room as the only source of light. Derek stood suddenly and walked toward

the door.

"Come on," he said.

"It's freezing."

Angela looked at Derek expecting to see the same disappointed face she was always afraid to see. Instead, she saw a smile brighter than the midday sun. She got up and followed his lead. The screen door shut behind them with a rusty creak and they were oblivious to the crickets that had begun to sing. They laughed together as the front door returned to its place.

They didn't hear it slam shut.

David Clark  
Student, Ceramics I

**Pour Bob** 2021  
Ceramics







Angeline Spruill  
Student, Drawing I

**The Restful Fiddle** 2022  
Digital

Claire Santosi  
Student, Painting II

**Coriolis** 2021  
Oil on Canvas





Ngoc Ha  
Student, Painting II

**Dysfunctional Slumber**  
2022  
Watercolor

## Jamicah Miller

### The Sound of Poetry

I wish I had the words to fill this page with poetry.  
I wish my thoughts made enough sense to join  
Vowels and consonants.  
I wish my emotions were adjectives,  
And not nouns.  
Because right now Sad is who I am,  
It is not how I feel.  
My heart is Anger; my  
Agitation is real.  
My mind is a shamble, my life a deal  
I have betted too much on.  
I wish my emotions had a voice,  
I wish they sang a song.  
I wish the melody was a symphony  
Easily composed and delicately played.  
If anything,  
I wish I had a say  
In how they did it.  
I wish every minute was rehearsed and scripted—really,



I wish I would stop wishin'  
And start doing  
The things  
I write about in my poetry.  
Like happiness  
Or recovery,  
Yet the words I use to describe  
Bad traits are the same words I  
Use to tell the best in me:  
Myself in the name of recreation,  
Drowning myself to get a better view of the destination—  
What society calls unstable I call my salvation.  
I will always be the abstract art in DaVinci's journals,  
Forever the street jazz freestyle with no rehearsal.  
My soul has a soul of its own, so I never take it personal  
When the music doesn't play  
Because the vowels don't fit.  
I leave the thought on replay until the syllables click.  
Until I hear the sound that continues to mold me—  
The silent sound of poetry.

Olivia  
Squyres  
Student,  
Ceramics III

**Watch Out for  
Snakes** 2021  
Ceramics





Thomas Lanese  
Student, Ceramics I

**Amphora 2022**  
Ceramics

Katy Morales Garcia  
Student, Photography I

**Main Ave.** 2022  
Silver Gelatin Print





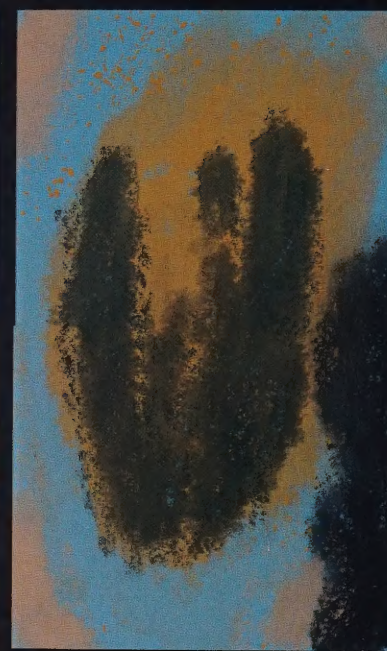
CENTRAL PIEDMONT COMMUNITY COLLEGE



3005006602

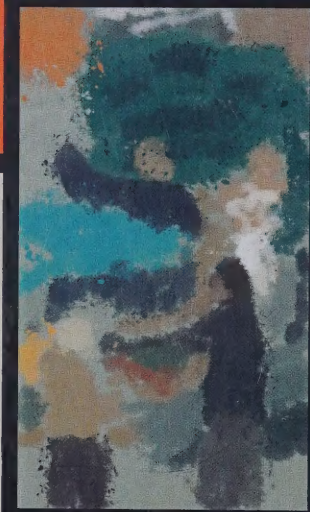


ART



ST  
P  
LE

P  
O



P  
H  
O  
T  
O

GRAP  
HY

EMS

